

AA0004191763



DE SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY





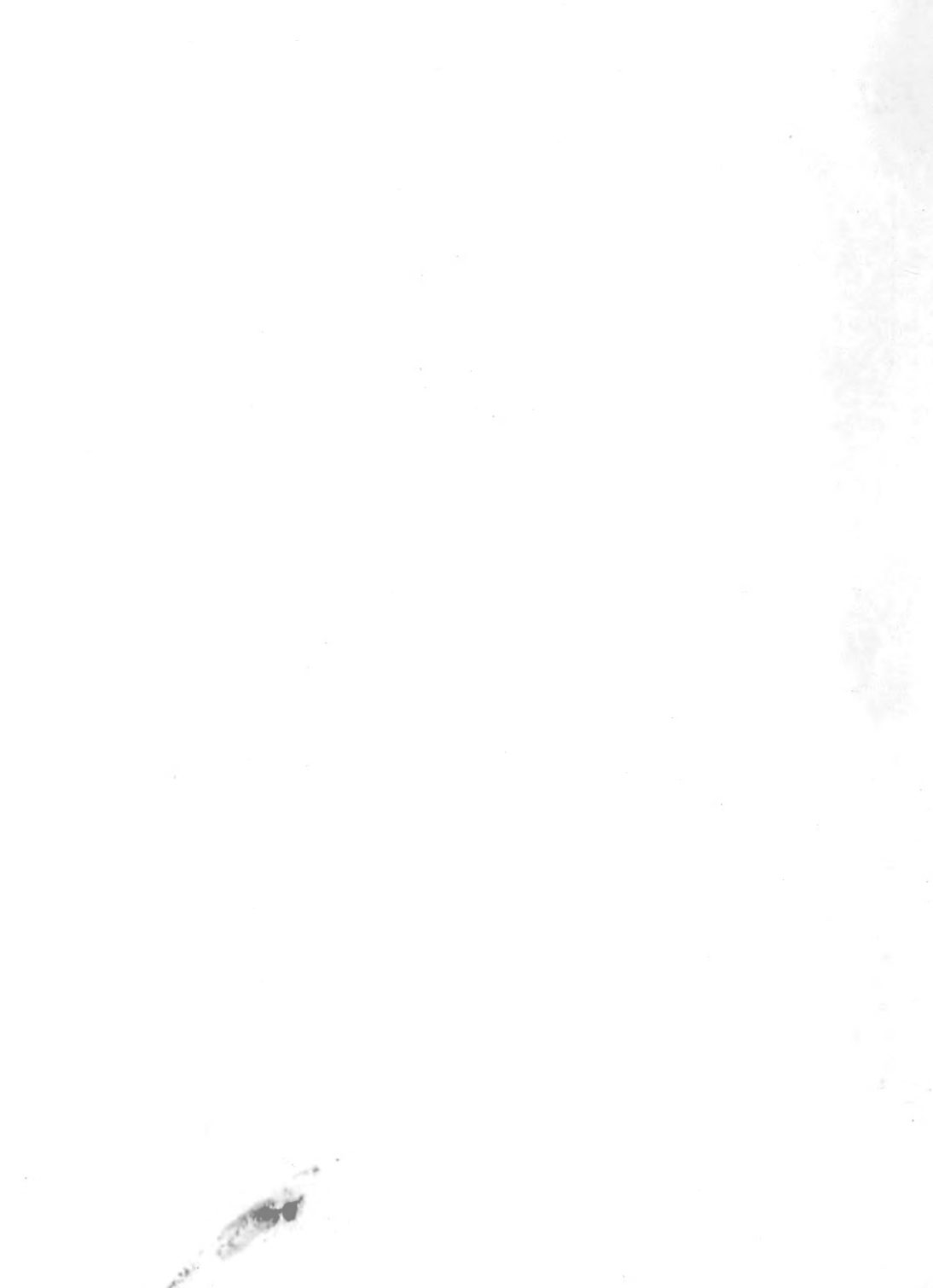
THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES

42

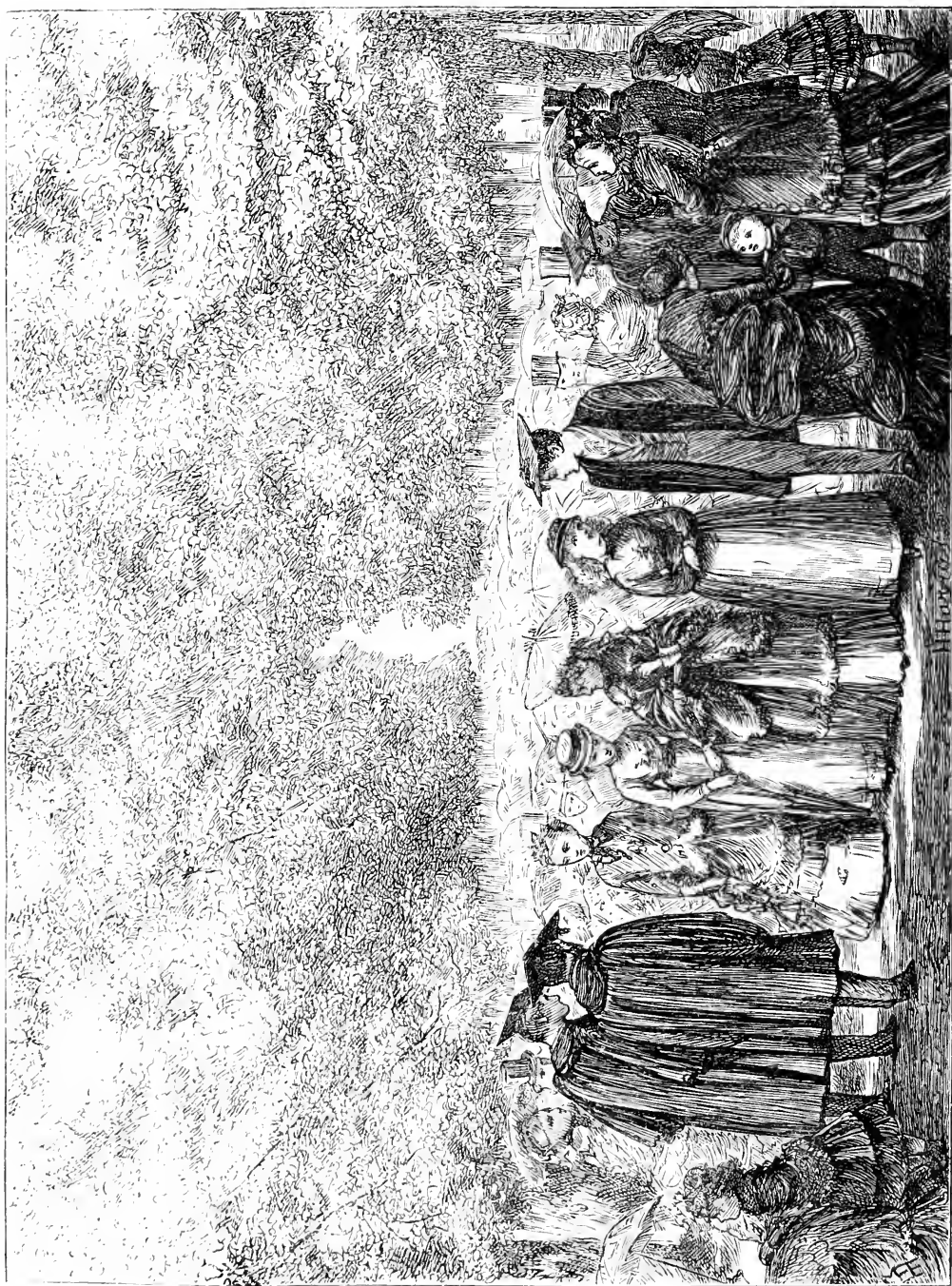
Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/laysofmodernoxfo00adon>

LAYS OF MODERN OXFORD.









# LAYS OF MODERN OXFORD,

BY

A D O N .

*ILLUSTRATED BY M. E. EDWARDS, F. LOCKWOOD, AND  
THE AUTHOR.*

LONDON :  
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

1874.

*[All Rights reserved.]*

PRINTED BY TAYLOR AND CO.,  
LITTLE QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

PN  
6110  
C7768

## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
THE PROCTOR (My Mother) . . . . .	I
FIFTH OF NOVEMBER (Macaulay) . . . . .	4
TIMOTHY BOOKWORM . . . . .	19
NONSENSE VERSES . . . . .	32
IF A PROCTOR MEET A BODY (Coming through the Rye) . . . . .	41
JUSTICE (Curse of Kehama) . . . . .	44
OVERWORKED (I Stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs) . . . . .	50
AFTER THE EXAMINATION (Parisina) . . . . .	51
PLOUGHED (Paradise and Peri) . . . . .	55
ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE . . . . .	58
SNOWED UP (The Prisoner of Chillon) . . . . .	63
AT THE MAGDALEN GROUND (Charge of the Light Brigade) . . . . .	67
SOMEBODY'S POODLE (Somebody's Darling) . . . . .	72
THE BOAT RACE (The Soldier's Dream) . . . . .	75

---

	PAGE
RESPONSIONS (I see before me the Gladiator lie) . . . . .	78
THE BUMP SUPPER (Hiawatha) . . . . .	80
ALPHABET . . . . .	94
WHO CAN TELL? . . . . .	96
SHOW SUNDAY . . . . .	98
THE THEATRE (Excelsior) . . . . .	113
BILLS (Hohenlinden) . . . . .	116
SAL AND I (You and I) . . . . .	119
NUNEHAM (Far Away) . . . . .	121
EHEU ! FUGACES . . . . .	123

# LAYS OF MODERN OXFORD.



## THE PROCTOR.

“AMOR OMNIBUS IDEM.”

### I.

Who was it that did me descry,  
As gownless I walked down the High,  
And chased me when I turned to fly?  
The Proctor.

### II.

Who caught me when I tripped and fell,  
And made my name and college tell,  
And fined and gated me as well?  
The Proctor.

## III.

Who was it that received my tin,  
When I for smalls was going in,  
And took my sovereign with a grin ?  
The Proctor.

## IV.

Who sat with cap upon his head,  
When essays at Commem. were read,  
And funny things upstairs were said ?  
The Proctor.

## V.

And at the ball's festivity,  
Who was so very kind to me,  
Because I had sweet sisters three ?  
The Proctor.

## VI.

Who danced twice with the one in blue,  
And took her down to supper too,  
And drank champagne and talked a few ?  
The Proctor.

---

VII.

Who whispered something on the stair,  
That made her blush from heel to hair,  
And set two prim old maids a-stare?

The Proctor.

VIII.

Who sits with her when day is done,  
A jovial husband full of fun,  
With daughters two and one young son?

The Proctor.

## FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

“ODI PROFANUM VULGUS ET ARCEO.”

---

### I.

UP rose the silver moonlight  
Over the rustling trees,  
And fast the hum of angry men  
Was wafted on the breeze.  
From many a dirty pot-house,  
And hole without a name,  
From many a low and filthy haunt  
The mob of blackguards came ;  
From populous St. Aldates,  
Swarming with noisy brats ;



St. Aldates on whose house-tops we  
Have often heard with ecstasy  
The sweet nocturnal melody  
    Of melancholy cats.  
From the lanes of dark St. Clements,  
    Where Oxford sewers flow,  
From broad St. Giles's alleys,  
    And the slums of Jericho ;  
From the green banks of Isis,  
    Where unwashed children play,  
And bargemen drive their nags and swear  
    Through the dark autumn day ;

II.

They came, a noisy multitude,  
    And thronged the Corn and High,  
And never a more loathsome crowd  
    Assembled 'neath the sky,  
Stretching away to eastward,  
    In one unbroken flood,

To where amid the darkness,  
The fallen Angel stood.  
Their chief was unwashed Georgius,  
The dirtiest of his kind,  
With a butcher in a greasy frock,  
And a gang of roughs behind ;  
And a blacksmith with a brawny arm,  
And an ill look in his face,  
And a fat bloated brewer's cad,  
Who cursed and swore apace.

## III.

They met some luckless freshmen,  
Who were strolling down the High,  
And rushed upon them with a yell,  
That rent the very sky.  
First the butcher knocks down Stultus,  
And on the pavement hurls  
Young Pyrrhus with the yellow hair,  
The love of Oxford girls.

Better had he been spooning  
Among the girls that day,  
At croquet the green lawn upon,  
Where freshmen and decrepit don,  
And don's belongings play.  
And the blacksmith hit with all his might,  
Straight at tall Naso's nose ;  
He missed his nose, but blacked his eye,  
And knocked him senseless in the High ;  
The mob set up a joyful cry,  
And round their victim close.  
They kicked him when they'd got him down,  
As only blackguards can,  
And Oxford blackguards are the worst  
That shame the name of man.

## IV.

Then came three undergraduates  
Along the crowded street,  
Strong in their brawny arms and chests,  
And active on their feet:

One was broad-shouldered Pugilis,  
A boxer of renown,  
And Remex, famous with the oar,  
With visage tanned and brown,  
And Biceps, a great gymnast,  
In billycock and gown.



---

v.

Then first broad-shouldered Pugilis,  
    With his left hand let fly,  
And aimed a swift unerring blow  
    Straight at the butcher's eye,  
Which felled him like a thunderbolt,  
    And there he let him lie ;  
And next the foul-mouthed Georgius  
    Right on the mouth he smote,  
And drove the tawny ivories,  
    Down his blaspheming throat.

vi.

Then the blacksmith flew at Biceps' neck,  
    And got his arms around,  
But Biceps raised him in the air,  
    And dashed him to the ground ;  
And Remex met the brewer's cad,  
    With a smasher in the face,  
Which sent him backward in the crowd,  
    And none would take his place,  
Till a gigantic navvy

Strode out before the crowd,  
And challenged any one to fight,  
In a voice profane and loud.

## VII.

Then Pugilis came forward,  
And smiled upon the foe,  
But the navvy frowned a frown of hate,  
And aimed a heavy blow,  
Which Pugilis avoided,  
Dodging his head aside,  
And gave the navvy such a sweet  
Right-hander in the side,  
Which made his head come forward,  
Then he gave him one, two, three,  
Clean in the face, and down he fell,  
As falls a forest tree.

## VIII.

And the mob began to waver  
Before such sturdy foes,  
For many an eye was black that night,  
And bloody many a nose.

---

IX.

But gownsmen fast came pouring  
From College and from Hall,  
And the rabble, howling, turn and fly,  
With clattering steps along the High,  
And hook it one and all,  
Like as a roaring torrent  
From snow-clad mountain flows,  
For roughs know well how noses swell  
Beneath a gownsman's blows.

X.

From Exeter and Wadham,  
And Lincoln came the gown,  
From Corpus and from Brasenose,  
Of cricketing renown ;  
From Christchurch where the God-like Dean  
Holds his majestic sway,  
And fills with awe the minds of men,  
Who have to call upon him when  
They come testamur-less again  
From the sad schools away ;

## XI.

From Balliol, where the scholar  
    On his sofa lies supine,  
And dreams of ancient heroes,  
    The Gods and happy Nine ;  
From Magdalen where the bearded dons  
    Regale on sumptuous fare,  
And the large soup-drops trickle down  
    Their beards of drooping hair ;  
From Worcester whose sweet-scented rooms  
    The garden breezes puff in,  
While undergraduates masticate  
    The matutinal muffin ;  
From University and Queen's,  
    Where front-room men descry  
The bulldogs' coal-black chimney-pots  
    Beneath them in the High ;

## XII.

From the rooms of merry Merton,  
    Where dons are thought a bore,



---

A bore by undergraduates when  
Collections show up idle men  
At end of term to donnish ken,  
    And dons against them score.  
From Jesus, in whose ancient quad  
If, stranger, thou hast ever trod,  
    And yelled the name of Jones,  
From east, and west, and south, and north,  
A score of anxious heads pop forth,  
All Welshmen, each of whom can claim  
That ancient and time-honoured name,  
Which every churchyard hands to fame  
    On monumental stones.

XIII.

But hark! The cry is "Proctor!"  
    Away the gownsmen fly,  
For soon the Proctor clears the way,  
And bobbies stand in long array,  
    Across the noisy High;  
And now they close around the three,

Who gazing at them stood,  
Their faces red with fighting,  
And their hands with hostile blood.

## XIV.

A bobby Pugilis espied,  
Fatter than all his fellows,  
His huge side heaved laboriously,  
Like some old kitchen bellows ;  
And Pugilis rushed at him,  
And upset him then and there,  
With his back upon the pavement,  
And his feet high in the air ;  
And there he lay extended,  
A sight extremely queer,  
His unwieldy form distended  
With frequent draughts of beer ;  
And e'en the horde of unwashed roughs  
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

## XV.

But Pugilis sped onward,  
Onward his comrades sped,

Leaving the bobby on his back,  
    With his heels above his head.  
Then onward Proctor, bulldogs,  
    And bobbies join the chase,  
But hotter still and hotter,  
    The gownsmen make the pace ;  
And soon the bobbies puff and blow,  
    And are toiling far behind,  
And the pumped Proctor's velvet sleeves  
    Are streaming in the wind ;  
But pluckily he follows,  
    His bulldogs on the track  
Of that wild undergrad who laid  
    The bobby on his back.  
But Pugilis is swift of foot,  
    And so are his comrades twain,  
And after those fleet runners  
    The bulldogs toil in vain.

## XVI.

Fast, fast, swift-footed Pugilis  
    Along the High Street fled ;

He burst through groups of grinning roughs,  
And sometimes turned his head,  
To see if his pursuers  
Were coming on like men,  
And when they flagged he eased his pace  
To draw them on again.  
And when he'd pumped them thoroughly,  
He sped on like the wind,  
The bulldogs tried to keep in view,—  
But he left the dogs behind.  
By many a startled lodging  
Pattered his nimble feet,  
He rushed through narrow alley,  
And dimly lighted street,  
He rushed by hall and college,  
And slackened not his pace,  
Till he stood before his lodging door,  
And then he wiped his face,  
And regained his wind a little,  
Then stood and laughed aloud  
As he thought of the well-fed Proctor  
Trotting bravely through the crowd,

---

And the keen-eyed bulldogs chasing,  
And the fat policeman's fall,  
And the grinning faces of the roughs  
Who gloated in it all.

## XVII.

An hour more and all is still,  
Hushed is the noisy town,  
The Proctor snores melodiously  
Upon his bed of down ;  
And Pugilis is sleeping  
Between the snow-white sheets,  
And now no living thing is seen  
In the deserted streets,  
Save Oxford's useless bobbies,  
Who perambulate the High,  
From Carfax to where Magdalen tower  
Stands tall and grim at midnight hour  
Against the moonlit sky.

## XVIII.

And oft on winter evenings,  
In the cold Christmas vac.,  
When home from school and college  
The youngsters have come back,  
Around the blazing fireside  
Still is the story told,  
How well the gownsmen thrashed the town  
In the good days of old.

## TIMOTHY BOOKWORM.

"HORresco REFERENS."

---

TIMOTHY BOOKWORM studied and read  
Till the hair grew thin on the top of his head ;  
He studied all day, and studied all night,  
Till the hair that remained began to turn white.  
There was not a sentence in Greek or in Latin  
Or anything else, but what he was pat in ;  
He often had wept at the fate of poor Turnus,  
And he knew the whole life of each ghost in Avernus,  
And that lachrymose hypocrite pious Æneas  
Who jilted poor Dido and went off to sea as

Cool as a cucumber, turning his eyes up  
Piously, while from his false breast came sighs up.  
He knew all the Platos, and Livys, and Cæsars,  
Ethics, Thucydides, both of them teasers,  
Æneids and Eclogues, Iliads and Odysseys,  
Trojans and Grecians, the Gods and the Goddesses,  
Venus, Minerva, Thetis and Juno,  
And others, the names of which probably you know,  
Mercury, Phœbus, Jove god of thunder; and  
He understood thoroughly ‘Alice in Wonderland;’  
He also at law and at logic a dodger was,  
And they say that he even knew who the real Roger  
was.

When after much reading, with honours the last  
Of all his exams. he’d successfully passed,  
He took his degree, and married a wife,  
And meant to be happy the rest of his life;  
A shy looking girl with her head on one side,  
Was the dark-haired damsel he chose for his bride,  
To write his letters, and make his tea,  
And toil all day for him patiently :



He thought that, of course, he had made a good hit  
of it,

By marrying her, but no, not a bit of it ;  
Girls that look shy with their heads on one side  
Are rum 'uns sometimes when the knot has been tied ;  
And Timothy Bookworm's was one of this kind,  
Who always did just as her heart felt inclined ;  
She worried his life out and spent all his money,  
And thought him a bore when he tried to be funny ;  
And if he refused to go to a play,  
Or a ball, or a concert, she had her own way,  
And went with her cousin or uncle or brother—  
At least she declared it was one or the other ;  
And she wrote to young men, and such like games,  
Addressing them "dearest" with Christian names,  
A way that young ladies should never address  
Any man upon earth who is anything less  
Than a husband or lover or father or brother,  
And none but a flirt would write thus to another.  
She once was a good girl, and sweet-tempered too,  
And loved a young gentleman noble and true,

But her stern parent's pigheaded senseless stupidity,  
Combined with bad temper, conceit, and cupidity,  
Sent this worthy young man like a dog to the right  
about,

And long did he wander a very sad sight about ;  
Then quite at an early age joined the majority,  
Or, to use an expression much better known for it,  
he

'Gave up the ghost ;' and low in a shady  
Churchyard they buried him ; then the young lady  
Who once was a good girl, became quite a naughty  
one,

All through the self-will of her parent the haughty  
one.

For girls, when the link of their pure love is broken,  
Will pine with a sorrow too deep to be spoken,  
Or else, which perhaps is to make their hearts smart  
less,

They grow into flirts, the most utterly heartless.  
The stubborn old parent, I'm told by a friend,  
Started up from his death-bed, his hair all on end,

And his eyes fixed with horror on what seemed blank  
space

Though his lips muttered something about a dead  
face,

And his teeth chattered fearfully ; then with a yell,  
On his bed, down as dead as a door mat he fell.

Now Timothy Bookworm pondered and thought,  
And determined his wife should a lesson be taught ;  
So when, one night, Mrs. B. had gone out,  
He went through the house and rummaged about,  
And put all the jewels, from necklace to locket,  
As well as his cheque-book, into his pocket,  
Extinguished the lights, and went off to the station,  
Grinning to think of the lady's vexation ;  
And how with remorse for her deeds she would groan,  
When she came home to supper, and found her mate  
flown.

But Timothy soon had got far on his way,  
And when sooty-faced darkness had yielded to day

He chartered a ship and sailed over the sea  
To the far-off land of the Caribbee ;  
And when he got there and stood on the shore,  
He thought he resembled that hero of yore,  
Whose life and adventures, as children, we knew so  
Well, namely, Mr. Robinson Crusoe ;  
And he wandered about with a mouldy book,  
And a few other useful things that he took,  
And sat on a hill that looked to the west,  
As the great round sun was sinking to rest ;  
Redder and redder it grew while 'twas sinking,  
Like an old woman's nose when she's given to drink-  
ing.

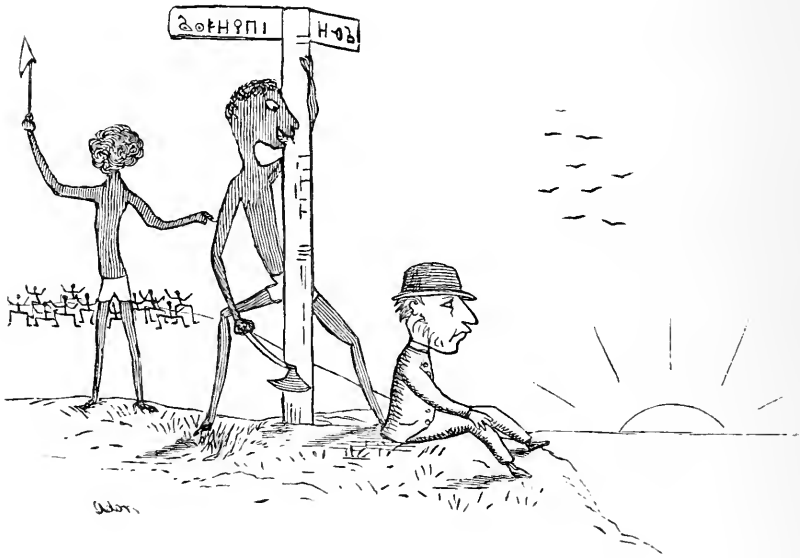
'Tis a world of deception, but ev'ry one knows  
The cause of the flaming proboscis of rose ;  
And he watched it sink down in the western main,  
But he never beheld it rise again.  
He felt the damp mists of the evening steal  
Over his limbs, and began to feel  
Lonely, and sad, and weary of life,  
And heartily wished himself back with his wife ;

---

And he thought of love-lorn Paris of old,  
That wayward youth with his locks of gold,  
How erst upon Ida's brow he lay,  
When his life was silently ebbing away,  
And wished that he once again might see  
Fair Helen, the cause of his misery.  
And he thought of old Oxford, far away,  
With its books, and dons, and colleges grey ;  
And he thought of his London club, and the wine,  
And the turtle soup with its flavour fine,  
And the delicate taste of the fragrant weeds,  
And all the exquisite whitebait feeds  
At Greenwich, where Thames rolls along in his  
pride,  
With a host of dead dogs on his snuff - coloured  
tide.

The trees in the dusk of the evening grew brown,  
The night was approaching, the sun had gone down,  
When there suddenly came upon Timothy's ear  
A wild yell that made his limbs tremble with fear,

And a swarm of wild Caribbees hungry and thin,  
 Rushed from the forest and hemmed him in,  
 With ugly black faces both savage and comical  
 And dresses decidedly most economical;



Those worn in the north by Scotland's wild Highlanders  
 Are even more decent than Caribbee Islanders'.  
 The savages grinned, and their eyes were bright,  
 And their mouths all watered with hungry delight,

---

And they seized the unfortunate Timothy  
And carried him home for the ladies to see.  
Then they tied him with ropes to a good stout stake,  
And pulled out his eyebrows to keep him awake ;  
And oh ! how they laughed at the awful grimace  
That he made when they stuck a hot pin in his face ;  
They nipped his bare arms with pinchers of steel,  
Which made the unfortunate Timothy squeal ;  
With a pair of blunt scissors they cut off his toes,  
And hammered a nail in the tip of his nose,  
Poured rum on his head and set it alight,  
While they capered around him and danced with delight ;  
And then with a cheese-taster, heated and black,  
They scooped some pieces of flesh from his back,  
Some dainty bits 'twixt the shoulder and spine,  
Which they ate, and washed down with bumpers of wine ;  
And one of the ladies, by way of surprise,  
With her finger and thumb gouged out one of his eyes,

And then took a sixpenny squirt from her pocket,  
And squirted hot vinegar into the socket ;  
She had voted a tunding, but 'twas not allowed  
By the rest of that barbarous black-visaged crowd :  
They said it was cruel, they wouldn't if paid to,  
And the 'Times' correspondence had made them afraid  
to ;  
So they very humanely cut up the poor sinner,  
And cooked him with cabbage, and ate him for dinner.  
When his wife heard the news about seven weeks after,  
She burst into fits of uproarious laughter.

MORAL.

Young men who intend the honours to bear all off,  
Don't read too hard, or you *may* wear your hair all  
off ;  
And if when you marry you shouldn't agree  
With the wife of your bosom, don't cross the deep  
sea ;



For though your wife's temper may not be a  
sweet'un,

'Tis better by far to be henpecked than eaten.

Parents be noble and sensible, then miti-  
Gate all your feelings of personal enmity ;  
Remember your daughters have souls, hearts, and feel-  
ings,  
So be gentle, unselfish, and just in your dealings,  
And beware how for earth's cursèd riches you sell  
Their bodies to man and their souls to hell,  
Or else you'll repent when the bucket you're kicking  
of,  
While you listen alone to your clock the last ticking  
of.

Young ladies who through the wide world go mean-  
dering,  
Remember the world's full of lying and slandering ;

Where foes will come round you, a regular knot of  
    them,

And oily-tongued friends are the worst of the lot of  
    them :

And parsons will sometimes officiously preach to  
    you,

Their notions of duty, and write for to teach to you

Whom to love, and whom not to, forgetting that  
    love,

In the book which they quote from, is placed far  
    above

The love for a father or mother :—and then

The clergy are not all infallible men ;

So don't put the being you love on the shelf—

You'll not find a parson who'd do it himself ;

But stick to the men that you love like young leeches.

Or wax, or as little boys eyes do to peaches,

When dessert is on table. Trust nothing you hear,

If appearances even should seem rather queer,

For a lie that is garnished with truth might deceive,

When a good round lie you would never believe.

---

If a man is a true man, he'll certainly wait for you,  
And that's the best proof that he'll make a good mate for  
you ;

If you only believe what you hear from his very lips,  
And be patient, you'll smile again some day with merry  
lips.

## NONSENSE VERSES.

"VOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL."

---

### I.

THERE was a pale scholar of Queen's,  
Who lived on potatoes and beans ;  
    When they said, "take to meat,"  
    He replied, "such a treat  
We seldom indulge in at Queen's."

### II.

There was a great don of the House,  
A man of superior "nous ;"  
    When told he was wrong,  
    He replied, "Go along,  
We never are wrong at the House."

## III.

There was a tall freshman of Keble  
Whose legs were exceedingly feeble,  
    So he hired a fly  
    To drive to the High,  
A Sabbath-day's journey from Keble.

## IV.

There once was an old don of Corpus,  
Who was something the shape of a porpoise :  
    When they said, " You are stout,"  
    He turned up his snout,  
And pompously stalked back to Corpus.

## V.

There was a postmaster of Merton,  
Who would always bathe with his shirt on ;  
    When his friends asked him why,  
    He made the reply,  
" We always do odd things at Merton."

## VI.

There was a fat B.A. of Brasenose,  
Who had an extremely red face and nose ;  
    When they said, "Do you drink ?"  
    He replied with a wink,  
This wine-bibbing B.A. of Brasenose.

## VII.

There was a young person of Magdalen,  
Who could run for three miles without dawdlin' ;  
    For three miles or one,  
    No person could run  
In front of this young man of Magdalen.

## VIII.

There was a young man of St. Albàns,  
Who drank all the beer in the Hall cans ;  
    When they said, "You will burst,"  
    He replied, "I'm athirst,"  
So they left him in peace at St. Albàns.

---

IX.

There was a wild freshman of John's,  
Who set at defiance the dons ;  
    He cut morning chapels,  
    And flung rotten apples  
About the quadrangle of John's.

X.

There was a proud freshman of Jesus  
Whose looks were intended to freeze us ;  
    In his boots he wore nails,  
    And his home was in Wales,  
And he lived on the strong beer of Jesus.

XI.

There was a young person of New,  
Who a stone at a man's window threw,  
    So the whole of the place  
    Was sent down in disgrace,  
For there's wisdom and justice at New.

## XII.

There was a sly freshman of Lincoln,  
Whose left eye had always a wink on ;  
    When told he was droll,  
    He replied, " Bless my soul !  
You don't know our habits at Lincoln."

## XIII.

There once was a cool man of Exeter,  
Who kissed a young lady and vexèd her,  
    But soon she came round,  
    For before long she found  
That she liked this cool man of Exeter.

## XIV.

There was a forlorn man of Trinity,  
Who always was ploughed in divinity ;  
    The Judges and Kings  
Were the troublesome things,  
That stumped this forlorn man of Trinity.



## xv.

There was a fat freshman of Skimmary,  
Whose hat had always the rim awry ;  
    When they said, " It's askew,"  
    He said, " So are you ;"  
This personal freshman of Skimmary.

## xvi.

There was an old fellow of All Souls,  
Whose boots had remarkably small soles ;  
    When told they were tight,  
    He offered to fight,  
This touchy old Fellow of All Souls.

## xvii.

There was a fast freshman of Univ.,  
Whose rooms were located where few live ;  
    He thought them too quiet,  
    For he liked all the riot  
Of rackety mirth-loving Univ.

## XVIII.

There was an acute man of Pembroke,  
Who smoked a short clay till the stem broke,  
Then he threw it away  
And used a new clay,  
This smoke-puffing member of Pembroke.

## XIX.

There was a great scholar of Balliol,  
Who was asked what he knew of Gamaliel;  
He said 'twas a hill,  
And examiners still  
Remember that scholar of Balliol.

## XX.

There was a great dunce at the Tavern,  
Whose skull was a large empty cavern;  
He could eat, drink, and hunt,  
Play cricket and punt,  
Which is all that they want at the Tavern.

XXI.

There was a lithe freshman of Oriel,  
Who climbed up the martyrs' memorial,  
Where he stood on his head  
And indignantly said,  
"Who states we're not active at Oriel!"

XXII.

There was a stout Proctor of Wadham,  
The hard streets—how often he trod 'em!  
His boots were worn out  
With walking about,  
This hard-working Proctor of Wadham.

XXIII.

There once lived at Magdalen Hall  
A man who knew nothing at all;  
He was fifty-three  
When he took his degree,  
Which is youngish for Magdalen Hall.

## XXIV.

There was a young person of Teddy  
Who ne'er for Responsions was ready ;  
    He smoked, jested, sang,  
    Drank beer and talked slang,  
But never a syllable read he.

## XXV.

There was a firm Fellow of Worcester,  
Who said, " I shall not till I choose stir ;  
    They feed us well here  
    And give us good beer,  
And I mean to remain on at Worcester."

## XXVI.

There was a young man "unattached,"  
Whose clothes were all threadbare and patched ;  
    He drank tea and read  
    Till he muddled his head,  
Then went in for honours and scratched.

## IF A PROCTOR MEET A BODY.

"ACCUSATOR ERIT QUI VERBUM DIXERIT 'HIC EST.'"

---

### I.

IF a Proctor meet a body  
Coming down the High,  
If a Proctor greet a body  
Need a body fly?

### II.

Every Proctor has his bulldog,  
Dog of mickle might,  
When he marches forth in full tog  
At the fall of night.



“If a Proctor greet a body, need a body fly?”

III.

Every bulldog when he spies a  
Man without a gown,  
Promptly chases him and tries a-  
Main to run him down.

## JUSTICE.

“SHE HATH ESCAPED MY WILL, KEHAMA CRIED ;  
SHE HATH ESCAPED, . . . BUT THOU ART HERE.”

---

### I.

It chanced that at an old tobacconist's,  
Outside the door a painted figure stood,  
A kilted Scotchman neatly carved in wood ;  
'Twas new and rather good.  
Now Tomkins bent upon a spree,  
Walked down the street the various sights to see ;  
But when the painted image Tomkins view'd,  
To this he sprung, to this he clung,  
And ran like mad along the High with this  
Across his shoulder swung.



## II.

Two bobbies seized him as he turned the street,  
Before he was aware ;  
He dropped the image, and with wingèd feet  
Shinned them, and bolted like a started hare ;  
The angry bobbies baffled now,  
Unto each other vow  
To make it hot for any gownsman there  
They meet ; and Wilkins passing, full of fun,  
Began to chaff the bobbies ; wrathful they  
Seized him instead and carried him away ;  
He neither struggled, kicked, nor tried to run,  
Nor the least show of opposition made,  
Although they grasped him with their dirty hands  
Courageously, for they don't feel afraid  
When still their victim stands.

## III.

Thus are they always bold when they have made  
Some crippled beggar old,  
Or unresisting girl, or boy, their prey,  
But somehow they are never in the way

If a strong ruffian has been throwing stones,  
Or punching some one's head in self-sought fray,  
For they are careful of their bones.

## IV.

"The culprit hath escaped," the bobbies cried,  
"He hath escaped, but one is here,  
Will do as well ;  
Now let us go and tell  
The Proctor that 'twas he ;" and so they went  
And told their story well.  
Next morning Wilkins gets a note,  
Brought by the Proctor's man,  
To call upon the Proctor at his rooms  
With all the haste he can.

## V.

And when he came within the Proctor's room,  
Young Wilkins roused himself,  
And told the Proctor 'twas a lie,  
Invented by those blue-clad menials base ;  
That he was in the ' High '

---

Walking alone, and never even saw  
The wooden figure that they talked about,  
And that these bobbies  
Came and pounced on him as he walked about,  
Because the real culprit they  
Had been so baulked about.

## VI.

The velvet-sleeved one deigned him no reply,  
The narrow-minded man—his gooseberry eye  
Looked idiotic: not the smallest part  
Had right and justice in his foolish heart.  
At last he uttered loud each measured word,  
Long in his breast confined,  
Unjust, severe, proctorial, absurd—  
The index of his mind.

## VII.

“ You must go down,  
Away from this town,  
For here you would  
Never do any good.

You have made a row,  
Which I can not allow,  
And so I must take you,  
An example to make you ;  
You must pay me a fine  
    Of five pounds to-day,  
    And then go away,  
    For you must not stay  
At Oxford, lest others  
    Should follow your track ;  
And your caution-money  
    You'll not get back.  
And now, Mr. Wilkins,  
    My words are plain,  
    You must never again,  
    Though it gives you pain,  
    Come up to Oxford.  
If you think to do so,  
    You think it in vain ;  
You'll have to obey me,  
    Mr. Wilkins, for ever :

---

You can go away now, sir,  
And return again never."

## VIII.

There with those bugbears of the town  
Before him, stood the wretched man ;  
There stood young Wilkins with loose-hanging gown.  
Was it a dream ? Ah ! no,  
He heard his sentence flow,  
He heard the ready bobbies lie,  
And felt all hope within him die.  
Ah ! who could have believed  
That he the velvet-sleeved  
Could have so small, so weak a mind,  
And ever trust those worms of dust,  
Those banes of studentkind.  
With indignation flashing from his eye,  
He left the room, nor cast one look behind.

## OVERWORKED.

"INGENIUM INGENS  
INCULTO LATET HOC SUB CORPORE."

---



THEY stood upon his nose's bridge  
of size—

His spectacles; a book in either  
hand.

I saw a queer expression in his eyes,  
As if a sunstroke in some tropic  
land

Had made his too colossal brain  
expand

More than it ought; and on his  
face odd smiles

Would come sometimes, and then he'd laughing stand,  
Clutching his gown, and talking loud meanwhiles.  
He wore a college cap, the mouldiest of tiles.

## AFTER THE EXAMINATION.

*“Τέτλαθε δὴ, κραδίη, καὶ κύντερον ἄλλο ποτ’ ἔτλης.”*

---

### I.

WITHOUT one lingering look he leaves  
The spot of all his troubles past,  
With thoughtful heart ; for he believes  
The dons have made this chance his last.  
Those hated schools, brain-addling place,  
That seems to haunt his mind for ever,  
And sight of which before his face,  
Makes all his limbs with horror shiver—  
Shiver as though had fallen smack  
A douche of water on his back

And arms and neck and head and face,  
So hated was that awful place ;  
But it must come, and all must go  
Where, sitting sternly in a row,  
Examiners, with looks that chill,  
Pluck those that do their papers ill.

## II.

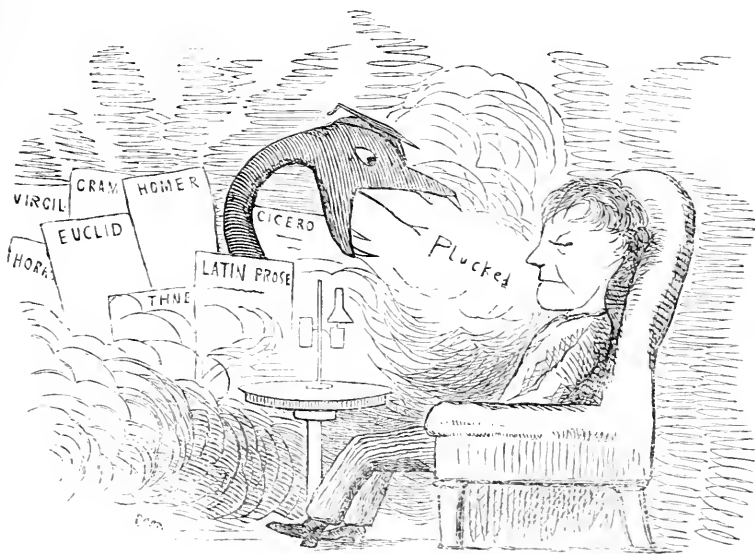
And he has gone to his lonely room,  
To sit alone by the fireside ;  
He stirs the fire with the broom,  
And does eccentric things beside.  
For flurried by the exam. he seems,  
And while his hissing kettle steams,  
He mutters deep within his breast,  
“What causes this delay ?  
If with Testamur I am blest,  
It can't be far away.”  
And then the toasting-fork he takes,  
And with it in the cinders rakes,



And makes it in a fearful mess,  
And then he walks in restlessness  
About his room, while minutes creep  
More slowly than in prison-keep.

III.

He plucked his toothpick in his pocket,  
But sheathed it ere the point was bare ;



He rolled his eye within its socket,  
And passed his fat hand through his hair:

Nay more—he took his meerschaum then,  
And gazed upon it with a look  
Of absent wonder, then he took  
And put it in its case again ;  
And mopped his brow all cold and damp,  
And blew his nose, and lit his lamp,  
Then in his arm-chair sat and numbered  
The weary minutes till he slumbered.

## PLOUGHED.

“ÆQUAM MEMENTO REBUS IN ARDUIS  
SERVARE MENTEM.”

---

AND he was ploughed ! One thought alone  
His gloomy soul with comfort suns,  
That he, though all his cash had flown,  
And little bills had monstrous grown,  
Was safe from soul-subduing duns.  
Safe in his oak-protected room,  
He sits with brow o’erspread with gloom,  
His head reclining on his hand,  
Which breezes through the window fanned.

But see, who comes upstairs by stealth,  
His solitary room to seek,  
Sent by some tradesman famed for wealth,  
With more than ordinary cheek ?  
'Tis he—the dun so sleek and slim,  
He knew the slow and slinking stride,  
The dun who wished to speak to him,  
And get his small bill paid beside.  
His step is at the room door now,  
His finger on the handle presses,  
And in he walks with anxious brow,  
And his small chance of payment guesses.  
Ah ! little did the student think  
An hour would come when he should shrink  
With horror from a tradesman's face,  
That hideous face that was to him  
Hateful as are the schools, the place  
Of stern examiners so grim.  
And now he frowns—now turns away,  
Shudd'ring as if a judgment lay

---

Within the toothless mouth alone  
Of that sleek dun so fearless grown,  
Who with consummate coolness came  
To him unasked and without shame.

“Sir, will you kindly pay our bill ?

It has been standing long you see.

We want the cash, or if you will

A two months' bill will do for me ;

Some heavy claims upon us fall,

Which we must meet a certain day,

And on that day must meet them all,

And therefore press you, sir, to pay.”

The dunned one looked him in the face,

And told him he his time must bide,

That there were others in the place

Whose bills he had to pay beside.

He saw him slowly quit his sight,

And thanked his stars that he had gone,

And then his oak he sported tight,

Glad to be once more left alone.

## ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

“ATQUI SCIEBAT QUÆ SIBI BARBARUS  
TORTOR PARARET.”

---

### I.

ONE more unfortunate  
Ploughed for degree,  
By those importunate  
Questioners three.

### II.

Tell it him gingerly,  
Break it with care,  
Think you he'll angry be ?  
Or will he swear ?

III.

Look at his college cap,  
Bent with its broken flap,  
Whilst his hand constantly  
    Clutches his gown,  
And he walks vacantly  
    Back through the town.

IV.

Didn't he study?  
    Wasn't he cute? or  
Had he a coach? and  
    Who was his tutor?  
Or was he a queerer one  
Still, and had ne'er a one,  
    And all this the fruit? Or

V.

Was his brain muddled,  
Addled and fuddled,  
    From over-working?

Or did he all the day  
Racquets and cricket play,  
Books and dons shirking ?

## VI.

His Greek was a mystery,  
So was his history,  
His throbbing brain whirled,  
And through his shaggy hair  
Both his hands twirled.

## VII.

He goes at it boldly,  
No matter how coldly  
Examiners scan  
Him over the table,  
And say, " If you're able,  
Construe it, man ;  
Look at it, think of it,  
Do what you can."



---

VIII.

Now they stare frigidly,  
Calmly and rigidly,  
    Courteously, sily ;  
How well he knows them,  
Who could suppose them  
    Witty and wily !

IX.

Helplessly staring,  
    He looks at it long,  
Then with the daring  
Last look of despairing  
    Construes it wrong.

X.

Failing most signally,  
Construing miserably ;  
Frequent false quantity,  
But as they want it he

Must do his best,  
Until they tell him he  
Need not decidedly  
Construe the rest.

## XI.

Full of urbanity  
And inhumanity,  
See what they've done ;  
Out of each couple  
They with tongues supple  
Ploughed at least one.

## SNOWED UP.

“BRUMA RECURRIT INERS.”

---

THE sky is grey and snow appears,  
The streets grow white  
In a single night,  
As I've known them grow in other years ;  
And drops from roofs the garments spoil,  
A tint of redness dyes the nose,  
While thickest boots get wet and spoil,  
And biting cold benumbs the toes  
Of shrivelled men and maidens fair  
Who hate the chilling winter air.

There was a Don on whom the mould  
Of classic volumes dry and old  
Had fixed itself, and worn away  
Whatever good some former day  
There might have been within him left,  
But of which now he was bereft ;  
And when a don puts out his sting,  
    And ever of the men complains,  
He then becomes an irksome thing,  
    The mem'ry of whose acts remains  
Remembered well for many a day ;  
And undergraduates have a way  
Of sometimes paying off old scores  
By snowing up the donnish doors  
With snow-walls, piled up high and wide,  
While the old don is safe inside.

At half-past ten o'clock, or so,  
We went out in the falling snow  
Beneath his window. Every light  
Was out, and all was dark as night ;

---

He was in bed of course, so then  
We set to work, and toiled like men.  
We stood beside the wall's grey stone,  
Twenty, at least, if we were one,  
We piled the snow at a rapid pace,  
Till flushed with warmth was every face ;  
We piled it up and hammered it tight  
From half-past ten till twelve at night.

Within those grey and chilly walls,  
Behind the barricade of snow,  
Thick at the top and thick below,  
He slept, we thought, in calm content,  
Who us to chapel oft had sent  
And made us give him morning calls.  
All seemed as silent as the grave,  
But he was listening, cunning knave :  
We little thought that wide awake  
Upon his cosy bed he lay,  
And listened while we toiled away.  
At last we thought a door unlocked,

And thought we heard a small voice say,  
“Who’s there?” and yet we did not fly,  
But thought perhaps ’twas all my eye,  
Till something most distinctly knocked  
Against the wall of snow, which rocked,  
Then partly fell—and—I could see  
The don, in night robes, facing me.

And there beneath the dusky wall  
With light in hand, he stood agape;  
I threw a monster snow-bound ball  
And knocked his candle out of shape,  
And with a laugh I turned to flee;  
He did not try to follow me,  
For he was scant of clothes, while I  
Was in my daytime toggery,

## AT THE MAGDALEN GROUND.

“ECCE CANIT FORMAS ALIUS JACTUSQUE PILARUM.”

---

### I.

DRIVE to the Magdalen Ground ;  
Soon myself there I found,  
Balls flew and ground-boys  
After them blundered.  
Theirs not at ease to lie,  
Theirs but to field and shy  
Balls up and mind their eye ;  
If they were out of breath  
Who could have wondered.



"Balls to the right of me,  
Balls to the left of me."



II.

Balls to the right of me,  
Balls to the left of me,  
Balls too in front of me,  
    Nearly a hundred.  
There stood each cricket swell,  
Some of them batted well,  
Smacking the balls about ;  
Seldom their wickets fell ;  
    I stood and wondered.

III.

Thirsty, with elbows bare,  
Bowlers were bowling there ;  
Cricket-balls through the air  
Whizzed past their heads the while.  
    Muchly I wondered  
Why no one's head was broke,  
For at each mighty stroke

Close past the legs or head  
Of some unconscious bloke,  
Fast the balls thundered ;  
Which, had they hit him, would  
Limbs have near sundered.

## IV.

Balls to the right of me,  
Balls to the left of me,  
Balls too behind me,  
Bounded and thundered ;  
Then came a sudden thwack,  
Right on my poor old back,  
Earthward I tumbled, smack ;  
Knocked out was all my breath  
With this untimely crack ;  
Whether my bones were smashed,  
I lay and wondered.

---

v.

Ne'er will the memory fade  
Of the large bruise it made,  
Not if six hundred  
Years on this earth I stayed.  
Why cricket's ever played  
Often I've wondered.

## SOMEBODY'S POODLE.

"QUAM SESE ORE FERENS!"

---

### I.

INTO a quad within four grey walls,  
Where little dogs often stray,  
To pick up whatever within their way falls,  
Somebody's poodle toddled one day.  
Somebody's poodle so sleek and so white,  
Wearing upon his impudent face  
A swaggering air of conscious might,  
As if he were ruler and lord of the place.

II.

Carefully combed are the milk-white curls  
On the body and neck of that young bow-wow ;  
And his dignified tail he proudly twirls,  
And he opens his mouth to make a row.  
Some one had certainly combed his hair ;  
Was it some ugly wizen old fright ?  
Or had the hands of a maiden fair  
Tended those curls of immaculate white ?

III.

There's not the least doubt he was somebody's pet ;  
Somebody's heart enshrined him there,  
And wouldn't she worry and fidget and fret  
When she found he was gone and didn't know where!  
She's probably sending and looking for him,  
All over the house, in every part ;  
There he stands within four walls grim,  
Where his dainty hide will presently smart.

## IV.

For a cruel scout's boy comes from his place  
And flings a boot at his delicate head,  
And the porter appeared with a lowering face,  
And a long-lashed whip, and after him sped.  
Kick him once for mischief's sake ;  
Lay on your whip with many a blow,  
Till the lash a piece from his skin shall take—  
He is only a dog, you know !

## THE BOAT RACE.

“VERRIMUS ET PRONI CERTANTIBUS ÆQUORA REMIS.”

---

### I.

WE had stripped off our coats, for the first gun had fired;  
Our starter intent on his watch set his eye;  
On the bank there were hundreds in flannels attired,  
The lean ones to run and the fat ones to try.

### II.

The last gun was fired, we are off and away,  
With fast flashing oars, on the foremost boat's track;  
'Twas pumping—my knees too got in my way,  
And a troublesome horse-fly was biting my back.

## III.

The flush of exertion broke out on my face,  
And the skin-wearing oar handle gave me great  
    pain,  
And I vowed in my heart this should be my last race,  
And thrice ere the finish I vowed it again.

## IV.

Put it on—well-rowed all—now you're gaining—full  
    oft  
I heard on the bank from many a tongue,  
And the cheers of our comrades that went up aloft  
From many a loud-shouting ear-splitting lung.

## V.

Then we spurted like mad, and gained more and more,  
Till the two boats were scarcely six inches apart,  
Our coxswain alternately cheered us and swore,  
To let off the steam from his fast-beating heart.



VI.

Easy all! 'Tis a bump! 'Tis a bump, I'll be sworn!

I was glad, for my back had begun to give way.

Our cheers on the wings of the evening were borne,

And our boat became head of the river that day.

## RESPONSIONS.

“QUOD SCIS, NIHIL PRODEST: QUOD NESCIS, MULTUM OBEST.”

---



I SEE before me my smalls paper lie ;  
I lean my head upon my hand,  
my brow

Throbs and exhibits mental agony.

There's not a single question that

I know

The least bit how to answer ; very  
slow

I write my feeble answers one by one,

And know they are utter nonsense—yes, and now

The table swims before me—I am done,

And wild and desperate—time's up—the clock strikes one.

---

I heard it but I heeded not ; my eyes  
Were like my poor old head, which, by the way,  
Was very foggy ; then I heaved some sighs  
And gazed upon the paper as it lay ;  
There were the verbs all wrong in long array,  
There were the genders. I with brain on fire  
Tortured to make an Oxford holiday  
For stern examiners. I should expire  
With more of this, so I shall scratch and then retire.

## THE BUMP SUPPER.

“NUNC EST BIBENDUM, NUNC PEDE LIBERO  
PULSANDA TELLUS.”

---

You shall hear how once our college,  
When our boat had done great wonders,  
And had bumped all boats before it,  
Gave a great and grand bump-supper.  
First the scouts, the sherry-swiggers,  
And the scouts' boys, beer-imbibers,  
Spread the things upon the table.  
All of glass were made the tumblers,  
All the spoons were made of silver,  
All the forks were made of silver,

---

All except the two-pronged carvers,  
Which were made of steel well tempered.  
In the mustard-pot was mustard,  
In the cruet-stand was pepper,  
Vinegar, and other fluids.  
Then the scouts, the sherry-swiggers,  
And the scouts' boys, beer-imbibers,  
Placed upon the table beer-jugs,  
Filled with beer composed of hops that  
Grow in Kent in sunny gardens,  
Where the laughing rays of sunshine  
Grin upon the heads of hoppers.  
And they placed upon the table  
Champagne-cup and rosy claret.  
When the lamp-black night descended  
Broad and dark upon the college,  
When the reading-man, the bookworm,  
Grinding sat among his Greek books,  
With his oak securely sported,  
And his teacup on the table,  
From their rooms in groups assembled

Many guests to this great supper.  
Came the boating men in numbers,  
Came the cricketers in numbers,  
Came the athletes clothed with muscle,  
Came the singers, and the jesters,  
And the jokers, funny fellows ;  
Came the active gymnast Biceps,  
Also Pugilis, his comrade,  
Very clever with the mittens ;  
Came our sturdy plucky boat's crew,  
Remex Princeps, and his comrades,  
And the steerer, Gubernator.  
All were hungry, all were merry,  
Full of repartee and laughter.  
First they ate the slippery oyster,  
Native oyster cool and luscious,  
And the ruddy blushing lobster,  
And the crab so rich and tasty ;  
Then they ate the cold roast chicken,  
And the finely flavoured ox-tongue,  
And the cold roast mutton sheep's flesh,

---

And the pigeon-pie, the dove-tart,  
And the well-stuffed duck and turkey,  
With the sausages around it.  
Thus the guests, the mutton-munchers,  
Played the noble game of chew-chew,  
Game of knife and fork and tumblers,  
Very popular in Oxford.  
Next appeared upon the table,  
Mighty bowls of steaming liquor,  
Bowls of gin-sling, bowls of rum-punch ;  
Then cigars were handed round, and  
Mouths that had sufficient eaten  
Soon began to puff like chimneys.  
All were smoking, some cigars, and  
Others pipes of coloured meerschaum.  
From their mouths uprose the smoke-clouds,  
Like as rise on summer mornings  
Misty clouds from silver Isis.  
While the guests were puffing smoke-clouds,  
At the oaken doorway entered  
Ginger, strolling comic singer,

Ginger, self-possessed and cheeky,  
Man of songs and looks complacent,  
With a medal on his coat-front ;  
In perpetual smiles his lips moved  
Underneath his black moustachios,  
And his two eyes twinkled gaily  
With the light of self-assurance.  
He was skilled in gulping down a  
Glass of sherry at a mouthful,  
Cheek-exciting sherry wine, and  
He was skilled in tossing beavers,  
Beaver hats up in the air, and  
Catching them upon his head, as  
None could do like cunning Ginger ;  
And he was the neatest singer  
Of the kind of songs called comic  
That we ever knew or heard of.  
No song ever had been written  
But the cunning Ginger knew it ;  
No one else could sing as he could,  
No one else could drink as he could ;



---

No one else could catch as he could  
On his head the shining beaver.  
But before the singing, rose up  
Of the crack eleven one who  
In the wondrous game of cricket,  
Stoutly with his bat of willow  
On the verdant turf of Lord's ground,  
Oft had hit the ball of leather  
Far beyond the reach of fielders—  
Far beyond the corded circle,  
All among the throng of people.  
And the wielder of the willow,  
In a speech of some duration,  
Spoke of all the mighty exploits  
Of the crew and their successes.  
Praised their stroke-oar, Remex Princeps,  
Who had rowed so well at Putney  
In the boat-race with the Cantabs;  
Spoke of how upon a carriage  
He was standing with some ladies,  
Dressed in dark blue, near the river,

While the crews were sitting waiting  
In hotels till all was ready,  
Waiting till 'twas higher water,  
Waiting till obstrep'rous steamers  
Could be kept a bit in order.  
When at last the Oxford dark blue  
Came out from the throngèd boat-house  
In their boat of polished cedar,  
Cheers of thousands rent the air, and  
All the dark blue ladies clapped their  
Little hands; and then the light blues  
Cheered and shouted when the Cantabs  
Came out also from the boat-house  
In their boat of polished cedar.  
Then was silence, while awaiting  
At the post the starter's signal  
Dark blue, light blue, side by side, were  
Resting on the laughing water.  
At the signal off they started,  
Swift as arrows from a bow string;  
Then there rose up such a yelling,

---

Such a screaming, shouting, cheering,  
People running, steamers roaring.  
Onward light blue, onward dark blue,  
Spurred through the laughing water ;  
Steamers pressing close upon 'em,  
Did their very best to swamp 'em.  
Still the two boats spurred onward ;  
Hammersmith they passed together,  
And together under Barnes bridge  
Passed, while thousand throats above them  
Shouted loudly, " Now you're gaining !  
Well rowed Oxford ! Well rowed Cambridge ! "  
Then our stroke with mighty effort  
Quickened, and the crew behind him  
Backed him up like true-born Britons,  
And oar boat 'mid ringing cheering  
Passing first the ' Ship ' at Mortlake,  
Won the hard-fought race for Oxford.  
Boating men are men of merit,  
Strictly training honest workers,  
Ugly weather never daunts them ;

Out they go on sunny days when  
Cirro-cumulus and Cirrus  
Softly float some miles above them ;  
Out they go too when the threat'ning  
Cirro-stratus veils the heavens,  
And the drenching storm-cloud Nimbus  
Rains upon them like a douche-bath.  
"I propose with three times three then,"  
Said the mighty willow-wielder,  
"All their healths, and add the name of  
Remex Princeps, matchless stroke-oar."  
Then they all arose and drank the  
Toast, and stood on chairs and tables,  
Cheering till their throats were husky,  
All but stroke-oar, Remex Princeps,  
And his plucky brother oarsmen,  
And the steerer, Gubernator,  
Who upon the chairs of oak-wood  
Sat and nodded approbation.  
Many toasts, and neatly buttered,  
Followed this one, intermingled

---

With the songs of love and laughter.  
First a man of modest aspect,  
With his eyes turned down upon his  
Empty plate began asserting  
That he 'rose from dreams of it in  
First sweet sleep of night,' and so on.  
Then a man, who came from Cornwall,  
Sang a song that clearly stated  
If a person named Trelawny,  
Should by any hap or hazard,  
Leave the world by death untimely,  
Many people in the south-west  
Part of England would insist on  
Knowing wherefore he had left it.  
Then the cheeky smiling Ginger  
Sang of lovely Angelina,  
Lady with the Grecian bend, and  
Of the maiden dressed in azure,  
With both eyes and hair of darkness.  
Then the guests said, "Sing some more songs;  
Sing to us, immortal Ginger,

Songs of laughter quaint and comic,  
With a merry roaring chorus,  
That we all may be more noisy,  
And the sleeping dons may waken.”  
Then the comic singer, Ginger,  
Sang a song with noisy chorus,  
And another and another.  
Shouted all the guests, and screamed, and  
Woke the dons throughout the college ;  
Woke the older dons, the doctors,  
And the younger dons, the masters ;  
Aged women in the houses  
Round about jumped up affrighted  
From their downy beds to listen ;  
Thirsty bobbies, in the darkness  
Of the streets so badly lighted,  
Licked their lips and paused to listen.  
Yet amid the noise and shouting,  
There was one who slept most soundly,  
Leaning back upon a sofa ;  
This was that enormous eater,

---

Helluo the gormandizer.  
He was sleeping, he was snoring,  
Quite unconscious of the singing,  
Quite unconscious of the cheering,  
And the shouting and the laughter.  
Then the steerer, Gubernator,  
Full of fun and full of mischief,  
Took a piece of cork, and held it  
In the candle till 'twas blackened,  
Then with stealthy footsteps came to  
Where fat Helluo was sleeping,  
And he corked his face all over,  
Made it black as any boot ; and  
All the guests, convulsed with laughter,  
Shook the room with many ha ! ha's !  
Screamed and shouted approbation.  
But this did not wake the sleeper,  
For the mighty sleep-god, Morpheus,  
Fast had closed his heavy eyelids.  
Then a joker, funny fellow,  
Took an orange golden-rinded,

Flung it at the snoring sleeper,  
Sent it singing as a herald,  
As the bearer of a message,  
Asking him politely, kindly,  
Just to wake and leave off snoring.  
Up he started, seized an apple,  
Baked and softened by long cooking,  
Flung it fiercely at his comrade ;  
Right upon his nose it burst, and  
Bunged his two eyes up completely.  
Then he sent a water-melon  
Whizzing at the funny joker,  
But the very active joker  
Ducked his head, and through the window  
Flew the melon, slanting downwards  
Swiftly through the midnight darkness,  
Till it lighted on the forehead  
Of a student in the quad, who  
Stood a-gazing up intently  
At the twinkling stars above him.  
Then began the greatest bear-fight



---

That the college ever witnessed ;  
All took part in this great bear-fight,  
Some on one side, some the other ;  
Apples, oranges, and filberts  
Flew about like hail in storm-time ;  
Chairs were broken, glasses shattered,  
Walls besprinkled, lamps demolished ;  
All was shouting, noise, confusion,  
Till at last the guests exhausted,  
All departed hot and dizzy.  
Thus the entertainment ended,  
Thus the great bump-supper ended,  
Long to be discussed and talked of,  
Long to be remembered by the  
College in the days hereafter.

## ALPHABET.

“NUNC ITAQUE ET VERSUS ET CETERA LUDICRA PONO”

---

A was the Anguish I felt in the schools,  
B was my Bugbear, the tenses and rules,  
C was the Cramming for months I had got,  
D the Declension I knew and forgot,  
E was the English to put into Latin,  
F was the Funk that for hours I sat in,  
G was the Grammar I never knew much of,  
H was the Homer I hated the touch of,  
I were the Idioms that on my brain preyed,  
J were the Jokes the Examiners made,

---

K the Kind way they asked where Lorraine was,  
L was their Look when I said it in Spain was,  
M the Mistakes they against me were chalking,  
N was the Nonsense I knew I was talking,  
O was the Ode that I couldn't translate,  
P was the Prose that shared the same fate,  
Q was a Question they asked me in chaff,  
R my Reply that made them all laugh,  
S was their Smile which is haunting me yet,  
T the Testamur I wanted to get,  
U the Unkind way I'm told that there's none,  
V was the Villain who said it in fun,  
W was the Waiting—I never forgot it,  
X my Xcitement at last when I got it,  
Y were my Yells of uproarious din,  
Z was the Zenith of joy I was in.

## WHO CAN TELL?

“QUID SIT FUTURUM CRAS FUGE QUÆRERE.”

---

### I.

WHAT may the class-list be,  
Who can tell?  
Will it bring a “first” to me,  
Who can tell?  
Will what I have had to pay  
For coaches bring me joy to-day,  
Or has all been thrown away,  
Who can tell?

---

II.

What may the class-list bring,  
Who can tell ?  
Shall I be happy as a king,  
Who can tell ?  
Will the examiners delight  
In reading what they made me write,  
And make me sleep in bliss to-night,  
Who can tell ?

III.

Will my tutor mock my woes,  
Who can tell ?  
Will he raise his pliant nose,  
Who can tell ?  
Or will dons come in a row  
When the great result they know,  
And clasp my hand their joy to show,  
Who can tell ?

## SHOW SUNDAY.

ὦς μοι καὶ τόνδ' ἄνδρα πελώριον ἐξονομήγης,  
Ὃς τις ὄδ' ἐστὶν Ἀχαιὸς ἀνὴρ ἥϊός τε μέγας τε.  
Ἦτοι μὲν κεφαλῇ καὶ μείζονες ἄλλοι ἔασιν.  
Καλὸν δ' οὕτω ἐγὼν οὗ πω ἴδον ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,  
Οὐδ' οὕτω γεραρόν' βασιλῆϊ γὰρ ἀνδρὶ ἔοικεν.

---

SUNDAY was fine and bright in the week of the commemoration,

Fine and bright was the evening, and red was the sky to the westward.

Gleaming with rays of gold shone the car of Phœbus Apollo,

Brightly reflected his beams through the elms superb  
and majestic

Growing on either side of the Christ Church well-  
trodden broadwalk.

Thronged was the walk that day with ugliness, age,  
youth and beauty,

Fathers and mothers and brothers and aunts and fairy-  
like sisters,

All had come up to well-built Oxford to see their  
belongings ;

Here they walked up and down, arrayed in their gaudiest  
dresses.

Every 'Varsity man had on academical garments,  
And in his undergraduate's cap and gown was Adonis,  
Walking serenely with one who was not as yet a relation,  
One who was tall and fair, with eyes like the azure of  
Heaven ;

And when these two had walked to the end where  
silvery Cherwell

Flows in silence between its banks where beautiful trees  
grow,

Opening rosy lips from which, like soul-stirring music,  
Wingèd words came forth, bewitching sweeter than  
honey,

Thus the blue-eyed maiden spoke to handsome Adonis:  
“Let us stand awhile and watch the crowd of the  
people

While you tell me their names, for I am a stranger in  
Oxford;

First say who is he whose gown is partly of velvet,  
Walking between two ladies, elegant, tall, and good  
looking,

Talking to each in turn, and always complacently  
smiling?”

Then with a glance of love at the fair one, answered  
Adonis:

“That is the keen-eyed, velvet-sleeved Proctor, dispeller  
of freshmen;

He it is that at night walks swiftly the streets of the  
city,

Sneaking down alleys and lanes and all sorts of ways  
unfrequented,



Decked in his robes of office, his bulldogs always  
attending,

Ready to catch all 'Varsity men that he can with no  
gowns on,

Fining them five shillings each at nine o'clock the  
next morning.

Three men always go with the Proctor, known as the  
bull-dogs,

Those are the men that chase all undergraduates gown-  
less,

Far less noble and brave are they than their four-footed  
namesakes.

Here comes a Balliol scholar, his well-worked brain is  
colossal;

First in classical contests, examiners fear and respect  
him.

Yonder walking erect, with footsteps measured and  
stately,

Godlike among the people, his head and shoulders  
above them.

Clad in his robes of state, so noble of mien and majestic,

You may discern the great Vice-Chancellor foremost in  
power,

Chief among those who rule in famed don-nurturing  
Oxford.

Here and there in the crowd, with dresses gaudily flaring,  
Walking arm-in-arm with their husbands, sleek, trim,  
and well fed,

Saunter in conscious pride the landladies, letters of  
lodgings,

Drainers of undergraduates' purses, blood-sucking  
harpies ;

And in new-frock coats, their well-washed faces all  
shining,

With their whiskers perfumed, are smiling man-dunning  
tradesmen.

Yonder, touching his hat, that man so fat and broad-  
shouldered,

Dressed in a velvet coat, is the ancient teacher of  
boxing ;

See each time that he smiles and parts his teeth's ruddy  
bulwarks,

---

Large is the gap in his mouth whence meat-munching  
teeth have departed,  
Lost in days gone by, in some terrible fisticuff battle.  
Broad was his chest and deep, but now it is down where  
his waist was,  
Slowly, after long years, by degrees imperceptibly  
sliding,  
Like as a glacier slides down the slope of a snow-covered  
mountain;  
Now he takes off his hat to two of his favourite  
pupils,  
Both of them famed with the gloves, broad-shouldered  
smashers of noses.  
Now just passing by are three young ladies of Oxford,  
Skilled indeed are they on the toe so light and fantastic,  
When in the mazy dance, round the slim men are  
twining the brawny.  
Just behind them are five of the eight that rowed against  
Cambridge,  
Big and strong are they all, their appetites too are  
enormous;

That little man along with them is young Palinurus the  
coxswain.

Many a time and oft on the banks of fast-flowing Isis,  
Running till I was blown, have I watched the 'Varsity  
oarsmen,

Eight of the finest men that mortal ever set eyes on,  
Making their cutter leap on the buoyant waves of the  
river,

Moving in time together, with backs as rigid as pokers.  
Next comes a Master of Arts, a curate up from the  
country,

Thin and pale he looks for want of nourishing victuals;  
What can he do, poor wretch, when he gets only fifty  
per annum!

Next, with a bloated face, as red as the sun in a sea fog,  
Marches a stout and shapeless scout released from his  
staircase,

Red is his face from often tasting the wine of his  
masters,

Fat has he grown on the remnants of breakfasts,  
luncheons, and suppers.

---

Scouts are well-paid men, and live on the choicest  
of viands ;

Better, oh ! better by far to be a scout than a curate.

Yonder, side by side, are two young noblemen walking,  
Gold are the tassels upon their college caps covered with  
velvet ;

See how the ladies bow and smile with their sunniest  
glances ;

That one in blue is blushing away like rosy Aurora,  
While her aged companion stoppeth a minute to greet  
them.

Such an old D.D. as pale and stiff as a biscuit,  
Biscuit fresh from the far-famed firm of Huntley and  
Palmer.

There with a grin on his face is the Christ Church  
messenger 'One Arm,'

Holding a note in his only hand and is looking for some  
one.

When in scout-feeding, well-built Peckwater's noisy  
quadrangle,

Any one shouts his name in loud-sounding, ear-splitting  
accents,

Deaf is he as a post, for he knows 'tis to carry a message;  
But sometimes when we ask 'One Arm' in an audible  
whisper

If he would like to have a tumbler of wine or a shilling,  
Quickly he answers, 'Yes Sir,' deaf though he be, the  
old sly dog.

Now he stops in the crowd to give the note unto some  
one,

'Tis to a Christ Church man with a black-rasselled cap  
all of velvet;

He is a gentleman commoner, grand and wealthy as  
Cræsus.

Well are his large rooms furnished, like to a palace of  
comfort;

Costly and good are the pictures that hang on the well-  
papered walls; and

On the white mantelpiece are two dozen well-coloured  
meerschaums.

Many the wines and dinners he gives, and don-waking  
suppers;

Many the boon companions that go to his bright rooms  
in Tom quad,

Where far sounding aloft, in Tom's tall grey coloured  
tower,

Strikes each night at nine the big bell a hundred and  
one times.

Here come four of far-famed Oxford's glorious athletes :  
He with a glass in his eye is Pondus, hurler of hammers;  
On his right hand walks the fair-haired champion of  
runners,

Who at a hundred yards unbeaten is fastest in England ;  
And on his left is a Trinity man, unconquered at three  
miles,

Fresher he always seems at the end of the race than at  
starting,

Coming in spurting, a long way ahead, with countenance  
smiling.

Next to him is he who has jumped the furthest on  
record ;

He at cricket excels too, and in the schools got a first  
class.

Some narrow-minded old fogies think that an oar or an  
athlete

Never can be an industrious reading man or a scholar ;  
But recreation is wanted by all to keep them in health,  
and

What is better than such as tends to the glory of  
Oxford ?

Those that fail in the schools are most times nothing but  
loafers,

Who in expensive clothes are ever accustomed to  
saunter

Up and down the High, or sometimes, perhaps, play at  
billiards.

Seldom they rise in time to see the red nose of Aurora ;  
Frequently far in the sky the car of ginger-haired  
Phœbus

Goes on its downward course before they are out of their  
beds, and

Dons require their presence for non-attendance at chapel.  
That funny man with a smile is married and lives up at  
Oxford,



---

Coaching men for smalls, and gains success for his pupils.  
Now with arms interlaced come three of the Oxford  
eleven,  
Three that played so well last year at Lord's against  
Cambridge ;  
You remember the day at Lord's so bright and so  
sunny,  
How we sat in the carriage, you in your bonnet of dark  
blue,  
How we laughed and talked and drank champagne out  
of tumblers.  
Look out there at that dirty unwashed man with an eye  
gone,  
Carrying two small snow-white dogs in his arms, little  
beauties ;  
Once for a wager he went on all fours with his hands tied  
behind him,  
And as a dog with his teeth attempted to grapple with  
rats, but  
One large sharp-toothed rat hung on like a leech to his  
peeper ;

So he lost his eye and the rat escaped to a safe place.  
Here is the black-haired man that comes with a basket  
at lunch time,  
Selling biscuits and buns and hot roast mealy potatoes.  
Yonder are some of the dons who in term time always  
are grave, but  
Smiles light up their book-worn features toward the  
vacation ;  
Then they are merry, and pent-up wit breaks forth from  
their hearts, and  
All who hear them shake convulsed with side-splitting  
laughter.  
Here is the bearded don that examined me for respon-  
sions ;  
Oh ! I shall never forget that brain-addling examination  
How I screamed with delight when some one brought  
my testamur.  
Many others there are of note whose names I could tell  
you,  
But it is late, and the twinkling stars are beginning to  
glimmer.

---

Let us return to college and quaff from well shapen tea-cups,

Genuine essence distilled from the leaves of tea plants of China."

Then they two returned to the cosy rooms of Adonis ;  
There they found the father and mother and aunt of the fair one,

Whom they had missed in the crowded walk and completely forgotten,

But they chided not, for they all three liked young Adonis,

And recollected what they themselves did once in their young days.

When they had all well sipped from cups the essence that cheereth,

Father and mother and aunt fatigued with the heat and the walking,

One by one fell asleep in the easy chairs of Adonis ;

He, however—for when was love ever drowsy or sleepy—

Long at the open window bathed in the light of the moonbeams,

Sitting beside the lovely maiden, happy, light-hearted,  
Many a story related of things that had happened at  
Oxford,

“Cum multis aliis, quæ nunc perscribere longum est.”

## THE THEATRE.

"NAM QUÆ PERVINCERE VOCES  
EVALUERE SONUM REFERUNT QUEM NOSTRA THEATRA?"

---

### I.

THE théâtre was filling fast,  
As through the open door there passed  
A stranger with a scarlet tie,  
That instantly provoked the cry  
Of, "Turn him out."

### II.

His nose was red, his lips beneath  
In frequent smiles disclosed his teeth,  
And upward when he turned his eye,  
In ceaseless hubbub came the cry,  
"Ugh! Turn him out."

## III.

“Stay, stay,” a Master said, “and rest,  
The Vice cares little how you’re dressed,”  
But loud from undergraduate lung  
The cry continually rung,  
“Ugh! Turn him out.”

## IV.

The public orator began  
To spout his Latin like a man;  
His lips moved fast, but not a word  
Was audible; we only heard,  
“Ugh! Turn him out.”

## V.

The Gaisford and the Newdigate  
And Stanhope shared no better fate;  
No single voice could drown the cry  
That roared out from the gallery,  
“Ugh! Turn him out.”

VI.

The Vice rose up from off his chair,  
And raised his finger in the air,  
And gently strove the noise to quell,  
But louder came the ceaseless yell,  
“Ugh! Turn him out.”

VII.

I left the place with aching brain,  
And deafened ear that throbbed again,  
And as I sauntered down the High,  
Upon the breeze I heard the cry,  
“Ugh! Turn him out.”

## BILLS.

“Εἰ μὲν γὰρ πλουτῆς, πολλοὶ φίλοι, ἣν δὲ πένηται,  
Παῦροι.”

---

### I.

AT Oxford when my funds were low,  
And I was ploughed for “Little-go,”  
How fast and furious was the flow  
Of bills that came in rapidly !

### II.

But Oxford saw another sight,  
When my rich aunt went off one night,  
For then I'd gold, and cheques could write,  
And shopkeepers came fawningly :



## III.

“Our stupid clerks the error made,  
We never were the least afraid  
About our small bills being paid;”  
And so they went on lyingly.

## IV.

“We hope,” they said with glistening eye,  
“You’ll still allow us to supply  
All articles you want; we’ll try  
To please you, sir, in every way.”

## V.

Oh! rare and comic was the fun  
To see each humbly cringing dun,  
The oily and the sugary one,  
All full of meek apology.

## VI.

I paid their bills upon the spot,  
And the receipts from each I got,  
And then I looked at all the lot,  
As they stood bowing smilingly.

## VII.

“Get out each fawning driveling knave,”  
I shouted out with features grave ;  
My hand towards the door I wave,  
And clench it simultaneously.

## VIII.

I heard the sound of hurrying feet  
Haste down the stairs and up the street,  
And then in fits of laughter sweet  
I went off unrestrainedly.

## SAL AND I.

“SPECTATUM VENIUNT, VENIUNT SPECTENTUR UT IPSÆ.”

---

### I.

WE stood up to dance, Sal and I,  
At the Masons' ball a night or two ago,  
And we watched the couples waltzing round and round,  
Laughing in their spirit's mirthful flow.

### II.

We saw a spoony freshman, Sal and I,  
Pouring nonsense in his partner's willing ear,  
And her mother winked her wicked old eye  
At a fat painted lady sitting near.

## III.

For she was a match-making mother,  
And knew that the freshman had tin,  
And she thought of her carriage and pair,  
Good living, society, and sin.

## IV.

Then sitting in a darkened recess,  
We caught a loving couple, Sal and I,  
And I envied the quiet kiss they stole,  
Which they thought was unobserved by mortal eye.

## V.

We saw a nervous man, Sal and I,  
Helping his partner to some cream,  
And he twitched his fingers nervously about,  
Till his white gloves parted at the seam.

## VI.

Then we were gladdened, Sal and I,  
For supper was the order of the day,  
And we put about half a pigeon pie  
And a bottle and a half of wine away.

## NUNEHAM.

"DULCE EST DESIPERE IN LOCO."

---

### I.

WHERE is now the merry party  
I was with a month ago,  
At that jovial Nuneham picnic,  
Where the ladies flirted so?  
On that balmy summer evening  
Chaperons behind did stay;  
All the rest dispersed and wandered  
In the woods, far away.

## II.

Some of us in paths secluded  
With the girls we loved did roam.  
Mothers knew their pretty daughters  
Soon would find another home ;  
So they, like indulgent mothers,  
Were content to let them stay  
With us as we strolled in silence  
Far away, far away.

## III.

Some unwed are still remaining,—  
Will remain so to the last ;  
Some have changed their names, and like their  
New names better than their past.  
And they bless with all their little  
Hearts that balmy summer day,  
When in Nuneham's woods they wandered  
Far away, far away.

## EHEU! FUGACES.

---

### I.

WHEN evening shadows cover all with gloom  
In meditation by the bright fireside  
I sit alone in my deserted room,  
And think of bygone days, when on the wide  
Green cricket field in health's warm flush of pride  
I used to pass the sunny hours of life  
With laughter-loving comrades by my side,  
And join in varied scenes of friendly strife,  
Where wit and pleasure dwelt, and merriment was rife.

## II.

Oft in my softly-cushioned punt I lay,  
With Tennyson in hand, half in a dream,  
By Magdalen gardens in the month of May,  
Beneath far-spreading trees, through which the gleam  
Of sunshine quivered in a tempered beam ;  
Then would I drift in idle listlessness,  
Until I reached the broader silver stream  
Where Isis sleeps in Cherwell's soft caress,  
Beneath the golden sun's bright beams of loveliness.

## III.

There have I watched our cutter's beauteous length,  
Emerging from the distance dim and grey,  
Impelled by noble forms of graceful strength,  
Whose eight blue oars flash in the sunset ray,  
Cleaving with mighty strokes the liquid way,  
And on their white-clad shoulders rosy grow  
The last bright glories of departing day,  
As the worn traveller sees them often glow  
Upon the mighty Alps' gigantic heights of snow.



## IV.

And night is lovely too ; how oft have I  
    Watched the pale moonbeams in their beauty fall  
In misty softness from the silent sky  
    On many a noble tower and crumbling wall,  
    Where clinging tendrils of green ivy crawl !  
Oh ! 'tis a grand and soul-exalting sight  
    When the lone streets are hushed in silence all,  
And the old city slumbers, wrapt in night,  
Like fair Endymion bathed in Dian's silver light.

## V.

Those days are past, and my companions all  
    Have journeyed forth on different paths of life ;  
On some the rosy smiles of fortune fall,  
    On some the darkling frowns of toil and strife,  
    And some have happy homes, where loving wife  
Teaches her little ones the name of God,  
    How good He is, and how He gives them life ;  
And some who oft with me the old paths trod  
Are lying now at rest beneath the churchyard sod.

## VI.

And there was one whom all that knew must love,  
Whose memory lives in ev'ry mournful heart,  
And ever will our saddened feelings move,  
Making the dewy mists of sorrow start  
To eyes of sadness. By some demon's art,  
Upon the blood-stained turf of Marathon  
The bandit's vengeful bullet pierced his heart,  
And laid him low in death—and he is gone,  
Whose like we seldom here on earth shall look upon.

## VII.

And there was one who plunged beneath the tide  
To save a brother dear, above whose head  
The treacherous ice-bound stream began to glide.  
He saved him nobly, but his own soul fled  
As in the gulf again he vanishèd ;  
And summer flowers bloom sweetly on his grave.  
Yes, he is numbered too among the dead,  
Who lost his own another's life to save,  
A true-born Englishman, unselfish, good, and brave.

## VIII.

My college days are past, those days of joy,  
    When the young heart is free from sorrow's cloud,  
All careless youth, bright link 'twixt man and boy,  
    When mirth is ever present laughing loud.  
But now the cares of life my head have bowed,  
Yet still sweet mem'ries in my bosom dwell,  
    Raising at times oblivion's dusky shroud.  
Farewell, ye scenes of youth I loved so well,  
Farewell, my boyhood's years, bright days of joy,  
    farewell !

THE END.





This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

Form L9-40m-7,'56 (C790s4) 444

THE LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES

PN Traill -  
6110 Lays of modern  
C7T68 Oxford

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**AA** 000 419 176 3

PN  
6110  
C7T68

